WHACK ROW DE DOW.

No 2. — As sung by Dan Bryant.

The Rebels they are getting scared,
They are, upon my word!
They've evacuated Yorktown,
And got whipped at Williamsburgh;
They'll not come back: for, little Mac
Will then be sure to pop 'em;
And now they've got to running:
Horace Greeley couldn't stop 'em.
Whack! row de dow!
The Stars and Stripes must wave forever!
Whack! row de dow!
For, our Flag we're bound to save!

Good news from Gen. Halleck;
It fills us with delight;
He's ten thousand pris'ners taken;
Beauregard he's put to flight.
They've lost all hope: for, Gen. Pope
Has put them all to rout..
Secession's dead.. knocked in the head;
Old Beauregard's played out.
Whack! row de dow! &c.

Wool, he captured Norfolk,
Along with Portsmouth, too;
But, when they heard of our advance,
Away the Rebels flew.
Old Abe was there to take a share;
I tell you he's a stormer.
Look out! Old Jeff, you'd better run,
Or else you are a goner..
Whack! row de dow! &c.

Now, Johnny Bull may put on airs,
But what care we for that?
He's been waiting, now some time,
For to have a little spat;
But if he will but just keep cool,
Until we settle up our family quarrel,
We will take them all together:
For, it makes no odds to Abe Lincoln.
Whack! row de dow!
Puty boy is Abe Lincoln!
Whack! row de dow!
How are you, Rail-Splitter?

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